Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie ſoueraign,
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe?
King. I, I, thou wouldſt begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not truſt you ſir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your ſon *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Gratious ſoueraigne, now in *Deuonſhire*,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power encreaſeth.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He ſtriketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing
Take that vntill you bring me bett
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the
My newes is, that by ſudden flood
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is
And he himſelfe fled no man know
King. O I cry you mercie, I did
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I
Hath any well aduiſed friend giue
Rewards for him that brings in *Bu*
Meſ. Such proclamation hath b

Enter another Meſ

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lo
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, *R*
Sent out a boat to aske them on t
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or
Who anſwered him they came fr
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting t
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Bri
King. March on, march on, ſinc
If not to fight with forraigne ene
Yet to beat downe theſe rebels he

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Bu*
Thats the beſt newes, that the Ea
Is with a mightie power landed a
Is colder newes, yet they muſt be
King. Away towards *Salisbury*,
A royall battell might be wonne
Some one take order *Buckingham*
To *Salisbury*, the reſt march on

Enter Darby, Sir Chri

Dar. Sir *Criſtopher*, tell *Richm*
That in the ſtie of this moſt blou
My ſon *George Stanley* is franckt
If I reuoult, off goes yong *George*
The feare of that, with-holds my

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)